
SPEECH OF A. H. STEVENS.

THE STATUS OF THE NEGRO.

As I have stated, the truth of the principle may be slow in development, as all truths are, and as it has been; but the principle itself is not slow in development, as all principles are, and as it has been; so that the principles announced by Galilei were not slow with Adam Smith and its principles of political economy. It was so with Harvey and his theory of the circulation of the blood. It is stated that not a single one of the medical profession, living at the time of the announcement of the truths made by him, admitted them: Now they are universally acknowledged: May we not therefore look with confidence to the ultimate universal acknowledgment of the truths upon which our nation rests. Is the first government ever instituted upon principle in direct conformity to nature, and the ordination of Providence, in establishing the materials of human society? Man governments have been founded upon the elements of certain classes, but the classes thus en-

men. All that is required is to cultivate and propagate these. Intelligence will not be without virtue, France was a nation of philosophers. These philosophers became Jacobins. They lacked that virtue, that devotion to moral principle, and that patriotism which is essential to good government. Organized upon principles of perfect justice and right—seeking amity and friendship with all other powers—I see no obstacle in the way of our upward and onward progress.

CLIMAX OF THE FUTURE.

Our growth by accretions from other States, will depend greatly upon whether we present to the world, as I trust we shall, a better government than that to which they belong. If we do this, North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas cannot hesitate long; neither can Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri. They will necessarily gravitate to us by an imperious law. We made ample provision in our Constitution for the admission

The ghastly spectacle of civil war is not likely to haunt the public mind much longer. There is no danger of saltpetre in the whiffs of intelligence from the White House. The drift of the Administration is evidently towards peace, upon the basis of a peaceful separation. No coaxing nor compelling the seceders. The idea of being able to force the seceded States back into the Union is entirely abandoned, and still less is there a disposition to attempt to force them back at the point of the bayonet. The Administration of course cannot take the initiative in the premises, but will continue its pacific attitude, and either the proposed National Convention or Congress will take such action as will bring about a peaceful settlement on good terms. The Republicans alone can plunge the country in a civil war, either by aggression or unreasonable demands upon the Federal Government, or by refusing to accede to a final separation on terms consonant with the interests of all concerned.

The Washington Administration agrees to surrender one-fourth to the Secessionists, but it understands whether to give up the rest or not. It concludes an armistice of ten days with the representatives of the Southern Confederacy; but what it will do at the end of the ten days, which are now nearly expired, nobody ventures to predict. It enters into *informal* negotiations with the Southern Commissioners at Washington, and recognizes, and yet claims not to recognize, the *de facto* Southern Government. It makes the *de jure* Government of the Mississippi and the Gulf of the Mexican Administration, and it weakens the Federal Union, and strengthens the Southern Confederacy, both at home and abroad.

It would seem, then, at first view, nothing short of the fearful and destructive engines of war could have so effectually helped on a permanent separation of the once *United* States, as this half-way, de-celerate policy of the present Republican Administration.

"I was thrust in and locked up. Shortly after, the same man opened the door and wished me to give my name in full. I told him I should not answer his questions; I wished to see the Mayor immediately. He said I must wait until I was called for, and then locked the door. I saw no one again that night. Night came—3 o'clock; I felt a little faint from breathing the foul air; I lay down and scarcely recovered from stoic sickness. The clock wretchedly dropped in from the streets, and the door opened and grating, were thrown in cells around me, and I was separated only by a thin board partition. No place could be more painfully disagreeable to pass a night in than that.

"I knocked on the door to attract the attention of the turnkey as he was passing; he opened the door and asked what I wanted; I told him I wanted to get out of that place; and asked him if he could put me in a decent room. No, the Mayor

I walked through the streets by the side of the stable to the jail, which was at some distance; carrying this time two men were sent to search my room; they broke open my trunks and bundles, rummaged every parcel, trying to find papers or letters; but they found nothing they wanted, though they carried off one or two of my letters.—Then I got to the jail. I was faint and exhausted; I had not eaten since the second day; I had not had a morsel of food for nearly forty-eight hours, and I sent to my friends at the house, which I had left, and just before the jail was to be shut for the night, the lady of the house appeared at the door. I had not been allowed to see me before, though she had tried repeatedly. If she had not come at then, I should not have had anything until the next day, when the prison rations would have arrived. The jailers had strict orders to show me no favors; I was to be lodged with the common scoundrels of the female ward; no one outside the jail was allowed to give me aid or comfort; I